

HYMNS.





Division

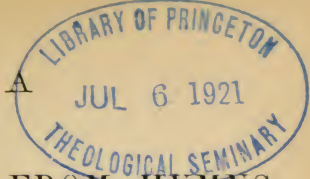
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Section

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SELECTION FROM HYMNS

AUTHORIZED BY THE

✓ Protestant Episcopal Church
GENERAL CONVENTION

OF 1871.

"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name
of the Lord."


"Let the people praise thee, O God: Yea, let all the people
praise thee."

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H Y M N S .

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."

- 1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train ;
Alleluia !
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away :
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All His saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Alleluia!
 See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
 O come quickly!
 Alleluia! Come, Lord, come! Amen.

*"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord;
 Hosanna in the highest."*

4 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound;
 Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this Thy house of prayer:

Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim :
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest ;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !
 Amen.

“ Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”

- 10 O JESU, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o’er :
 We bear the name of Christians,
 His name and sign we bear :
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there.
- O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
 And lo ! that Hand is scarr’d :
 And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
 And tears Thy Face have marr’d :

O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 "I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore. Amen.

"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."

13 O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel;
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice! etc.

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine Advent here;

Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice! etc.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

Rejoice! etc.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice! etc. Amen.

*"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-
will toward men."*

17 HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,

Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail the Incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

*"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of
 the heavenly host, praising God."*

20 HARK! what mean those holy voices
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly Alleluias rise. Alleluia.

Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy—
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high! Alleluia.

“Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Alleluia.

“Christ is born; the great Anointed!
 Heaven and earth His praises sing!
 O receive Whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
 Alleluia.

“Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His name to magnify,
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!” Alleluia.
 Amen.

“Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.”

Chorus.

23 SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
 birth!
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon
 earth:

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
 round:
 How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
 How His people with joy everlasting are
 crown'd:

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise;
 Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
 One chorus resound through the earth and
 the skies:

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
 Amen.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

25 COME hither, ye faithful,
 Triumphantly sing!
 Come, see in the manger
 The angels' dread King!

To Bethlehem hasten
 With joyful accord!
 O come ye, come hither
 To worship the Lord!

True Son of the Father,
 He comes from the skies;
 To be born of a Virgin
 He doth not despise.
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

Hark, hark to the angels!
 All singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest
 All glory be given!"
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

To thee, then, O Jesu,
 This day of Thy birth,
 Be glory and honor
 Through heaven and earth;
 True Godhead Incarnate!
 Omnipotent Word!
 O come, let us hasten
 To worship the Lord! Amen.

"The time is short."

28 A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that blest day;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that calm day;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more:
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that bright day;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign :
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day ;
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away. Amen.

*"None other name is given under heaven whereby we
 must be saved."*

33 JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
 Name all other names above!
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old :
 To the maiden-mother told,
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,
 By the angel Gabriel.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth,
 For the promise that it gave—
 "Jesus shall His people save."

Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
 Given to the holy Child,
 When the cup of human woe
 First He tasted here below.

Jesus! only Name that's given,
 Under all the mighty heaven,

Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

"All the earth shall be filled with His majesty."

34 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever;
 That name to us is Love. Amen.

"We have seen His star in the East."

37 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the
 stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Amen.

"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

42 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Alleluia! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Alleluia! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:

See JEHOVAH'S banners furled ;
 Sheathed His sword ; He speaks,—'tis
 done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away :
 Then the end ; beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Alleluia ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all. Amen.

*"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding
 great joy."*

45 As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold ;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed ;
 There to bend the knee before
 Him Whom heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare ;
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus ! every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright,
 Need they no created light ;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down,
 There forever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King. Amen.

*“ And Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness,
 being forty days tempted of the devil. And in those
 days He did eat nothing.”*

49 FORTY days and forty nights
 Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
 Forty days and forty nights
 Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
 And from earthly joys abstain, .

Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?

And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

So shall we have peace divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side ;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.

“ In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.”

53 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
O by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,

By Thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 By Thy victory in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of dark despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
 By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
 By Thy perfect sacrifice ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By Thy power from death to save ;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To Thy throne in heaven restored,
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
 Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

" My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

63 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
 Ere the time shall pass away,
 On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
 Fill us with heart-searching fears,
 Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
 Kneeling lowly at the door,
 Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
 By Thy supplicating cry,
 By Thy willingness to die,
 By Thy tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,
 Let us not Thy love forego.

Judge and Saviour of our race,
 When we see Thee face to face,
 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

Amen.

"In Whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins."

67 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
 I look at heaven and long to enter in,
 But there no evil thing may find a home:
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
 In the pure glory of that holy land?
 Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
 Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me
 near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly
 way,
 Evil is ever with me, day by day ;
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
 "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from
 all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
 His are the Hands stretched out to draw me
 near,
 And His the Blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
 child,
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord :
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
 crown,
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
 down. Amen.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

68 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
 On the holy ground,
 How the troops of Midian
 Prowl and prowl around ?

Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss ;

Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.
Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin ?
Christian, never tremble ;
Never be down-cast ;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair ?
“ Always fast and vigil ?
Always watch and prayer ? ”
Christian, answer boldly,
“ While I breathe I pray : ”
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

“ Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true ;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too ;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne.” Amen.

*" Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast
perfected praise."*

72 ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,

Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc. Amen.

"The precious blood of Christ."

74 GLORY be to Jesus,
 Who in bitter pains
 Poured for me the life-blood
 From His sacred veins!
 Grace and life eternal
 In that blood I find;
 Blest be His compassion
 Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious stream,
 Which from endless torments
 Did the world redeem!
 Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies;
 But the Blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries.

Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel-hosts, rejoicing.
 Make their glad reply.
 Lift ye then your voices;
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder,
 Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."

75 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
 Tell, in sweet and mournful strain,
 How the Crucified, enduring
 Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,
 Freely of His love was offered,
 Sinless was for sinners slain.

Scourged with unrelenting fury
 For the sins which we deplore,
 By His livid stripes He heals us,
 Raising us to fall no more;
 All our bruises gently soothing,
 Binding up the bleeding sore.

See! His Hands and Feet are fastened;
 So He makes His people free:
 Not a wound whence blood is flowing
 But a fount of grace shall be;
 Yea, the very nails which nail Him
 Nail us also to the tree.

Through His Heart the spear is piercing,
 Though His foes have seen Him die;
 Blood and water thence are streaming
 In a tide of mystery,
 Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
 Blood to win us crowns on high.

Jesu, may these precious fountains
 Drink to thirsting souls afford;

Let them be our cup and healing,
 And at length our full reward;
 So a ransomed world shall ever
 • Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord. Amen.

*“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins
 of the world.”*

80 BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
 O Thou for sinners slain,
 Let it not be in vain
 That Thou hast died;
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,
 My only refuge let me make
 Thy piercèd side.

Behold the Lamb of God!
 Into the sacred flood
 Of Thy most precious blood
 My soul I cast:
 Wash me and make me clean within,
 And keep me pure from every sin,
 Till life be past.

Behold the Lamb of God!
 All hail, Incarnate Word,
 Thou everlasting Lord,
 Saviour most blest;
 Fill us with love that never faints,
 Grant us, with all Thy blessèd saints,
 Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God!
 Worthy is He alone,
 That sitteth on the throne
 Of God above;
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Comforter in praise,
 All Light and Love. Amen.

"Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

87 O SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and shame bowed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown.
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was Thine!
 Yes, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in Thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide.

Lord of my life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside Thy Cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine for ever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy Cross to me:
 And to my succour flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy Love.

Amen.

"It is finished."

88 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do the precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's Name;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.

"He is not here; He is risen."

99 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured Alleluia!
 Our salvation hath procured; Alleluia!
 Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
 Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia! Amen.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."

101 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
 Death, yield up the mighty Prey!
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Shout, ye Seraphs; angels, raise
 Your eternal song of praise;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the blissful sound.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glory as of old to Thee,
 Now and evermore, shall be.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Amen.

"The First-begotten of the dead."

102 COME see the place where Jesus lay,
 And hear angelic watchers say,
 "He lives, Who once was slain :

Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.

"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forever, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

104 JESUS lives: no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;

Jesus lives: by this we know
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
 Alleluia

Jesus lives: henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

Jesus lives: for us He died:
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!

Jesus lives: our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!

Jesus lives: to Him the Throne
 Over all the world is given:
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
 Alleluia! Amen.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

107 HE is risen! He is risen!
 Tell it with a joyful voice,
 He has burst His three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice;

Death is vanquish'd, man is
Christ has won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping ;
Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;
Christ has borne our sins away,
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.

He is risen ! He is risen !
He has open'd heaven's gate ;
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
Where a brightening Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream. Amen.

*" Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the
first-fruits of them that slept."*

- 109** To Him Who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia !
To Him the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave His soul our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia !
To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia !
To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen.

"Thou art gone up on high."

114 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native Heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.

Him though highest Heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves:
Though returning to His Throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above:
See, He shows the prints of love;

Hark, His gracious lips bestow—
Blessings on His Church below.

Still for us He intercedes;
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race.

Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Amen.

“By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place.”

115 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the “Man of sorrows” now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor’s brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour’s claim;

Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 King of kings, and Lord of lords. Amen.

"And on His Head were many crowns."

116 CROWN Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne;
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own!
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him Who died for thee;
 And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
 The God Incarnate born,
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won
 Which now His Brow adorn.
 Fruit of the mystic Rose,
 True Branch of Jesse's Stem,
 The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
 The Babe of Bethlehem!

Crown Him the Lord of Love!
 Behold His Hands and Side,—
 Those Wounds, yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified:
 No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his burning eye
 At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise.
 His reign shall know no end;
 And round His piercèd Feet
 Fair flowers of Paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven!
 One with the Father known,—
 And the blest Spirit, through Him given
 From yonder Triune throne!
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For Thou hast died for me:
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail
 Throughout eternity. Amen.

“The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.”

128 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers;

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

"The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."

129 CREATOR SPIRIT, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred Unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy seven-fold energy ;
 Make us eternal truth receive,
 And practise all that we believe ;
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

131 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose Thy way ;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from His precepts stray ;
 Lead us to holiness, the road
 That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to heaven, that we may share
 Fulness of joy for ever there:
 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

*"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to
 come."*

138 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to
 Thee:

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around
 the glassy sea;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
 Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide
 Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
 may not see,

Only Thou art Holy; there is none beside
 Thee

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in
 earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!
 Amen.

"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

140 HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord
 God of hosts, eternal King,
 By the heavens and earth adored;
 Angels and archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
 Spirits blest, before Thy Throne,
 Speeding thence at Thy command;
 And when Thy command is done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

Cherubim and Seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings;
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the blessed Trinity.

Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
 Thee, the noble martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee;
 Thee, the Church in every land;

Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity. Amen.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

142 FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

JEHOVAH,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. Amen.

*“Of Him and through Him and to Him are all things:
to Whom be glory forever. Amen.”*

143 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His Blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God, the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.
Amen.

"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

145 HOLY Father, great Creator,
 Source of mercy, love, and peace,
 Look upon the Mediator,
 Clothe us with His righteousness;
 Heavenly Father,
 Through the Saviour hear and bless.

Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
 Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
 While we hear Thy wondrous story,
 Meet and worship in Thy Name,
 Dear Redeemer,
 In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
 Come with unction from above,
 Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
 Fill them with the Saviour's love!
 Source of comfort,
 Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

God the Lord, through every nation
 Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
 In the song of Thy salvation
 Every tongue and race combine!
 Great **JEHOVAH**,
 Form our hearts and make them Thine.
 Amen.

"The Lord is in this place."

152 IN loud exalted strains,
 The King of Glory praise;
 O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
 Through everlasting days;
 But Sion, with His presence blest,
 Is His delight, His chosen rest.
 O King of Glory, come;
 And with Thy favour crown
 This temple as Thy Home,
 This people as Thy own;
 Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
 How God can dwell with men below.

Now let Thine ear attend
 Our supplicating cries;
 Now let our praise ascend,
 Accepted, to the skies:
 Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Spread its celestial influence round.
 Here may the listening throng
 Imbibe Thy truth and love;
 Here Christians join the song
 Of Seraphim above:
 Till all who humbly seek Thy face
 Rejoice in Thy abounding grace. Amen.

*"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of
 the Lord."*

157 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
 To Thine abode | With warm desires
 My heart aspires | To see my God.

O happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still: | That love the way
 And happy they | To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat; | Shall thither bring
 When God our King | Our willing feet.

God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts His hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence:
 Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
 O God of hosts, | Alone in Thee.
Amen.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

159 THIS is the day of light:
 Let there be light to-day;

O Day-Spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.

This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near :
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening Breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death ! Amen.

" The Lord's day."

160 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune.
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth ;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;
 On thee, our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven,
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise ;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise ;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand ;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;

To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house."

163 To Thy temple I repair ;
 Lord, I love to worship there ;
 While Thy glorious praise is sung.
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

While the prayers of saints ascend.
 God of love, to mine attend ;
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to Thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe,
 Till Thy Gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn ;
 And at evening let me say,
 "I have walk'd with God to-day."
 Amen.

"While He blessed them He was parted from them."

165 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruit of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found. Amen.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

166 ALMIGHTY FATHER, bless the word,
 Which through Thy grace we now have heard;
 O may Thy precious seed take root,
 Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

We praise Thee for the means of grace,
 Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:
 Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
 May all, at last, in heaven appear. Amen.

"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."

169 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we
 raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
day;

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy
Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com-
ing night,

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,

For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,

Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

"The armies in heaven followed Him."

176 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 And triumph over pain,
 Who patient bear His Cross below—
 He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw His Master in the sky,
 And call'd on Him to save:
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came:
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame:
 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd:
 They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train! Amen.

*“ These are they which came out of great tribulation,
and have washed their robes, and made them white
in the Blood of the Lamb.”*

177 How bright these glorious spirits shine
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
Lo, these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light :
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

187 FOR all the saints, who from their labours
rest,

Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesu, be forever bless'd. Alleluia.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
might;

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight;

Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
• strong. Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.
Alleluia.

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
 The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's far-
 thest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the count-
 less host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia. Amen.

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

189 HARK! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stands,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
 Who prepared the way of Christ,
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
 Martyr and Evangelist,
 Sainly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,

Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus ;
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died ;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite :
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity. Amen.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

190 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God :

He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode ;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove ;
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.

Amen.

*" O pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper
 that love thee."*

191 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious Blood.

I love Thy Church, O God ;
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall ;
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Sion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven. Amen.

"That they all may be one."

197 ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 One faith, one hope divine,
 One only watchword—Love :
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one,
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone!
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

Head of Thy Church beneath,
 The Catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.
Amen.

"Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."

202 THE Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the word :
 From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy bride ;
 With His own Blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,

And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder,
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distress ;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

"Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life."

207 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
 By Whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in Whose death our sins are dead ;
 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
Amen.

"Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life."

209 BREAD of Heaven, on Thee we feed,
 For Thy Flesh is meat indeed :
 Ever may our souls be fed
 With this true and living Bread ;
 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of Him Who died.
 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 Lord, Thy Wounds our healing give,
 To Thy Cross we look and live :
 Jesus, may we ever be
 Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

"He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

213 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
 With the shepherd's kindest care,

All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

*" That he may please Him Who hath chosen him to be a
soldier."*

214 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front,
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,

But 'neath His banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain ;
 In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travell'd by,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit thee down on high ;
 Thus outwardly and visibly
 We seal thee for His own :
 And may the brow that wears His cross
 Hereafter share His crown. Amen.

" Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

216 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on ;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power ;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued ;
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God ;

That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may behold your victory won,
 And stand complete at last. Amen.

" Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

225 JESU, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
 Loose our captive chains,
 Break down every idol
 Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love ;
 Draw us, holy Jesu,
 To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

" He shall feed His flock like a shepherd ; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

229 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;

For our use Thy folds prepare :

Blessèd Jesus !

Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

Thou hast promised to receive us,

Poor and sinful though we be ;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us ;

Grace to cleanse, and power to free :

Blessèd Jesus !

Let us early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour,

Early let us learn Thy will ;

Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,

With Thy love our bosoms fill :

Blessèd Jesus !

Thou hast loved us,—love us still. Amen.

*“Be strong and of a good courage. . . And the Lord, He
it is that doth go before thee.”*

232 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the Cross of Jesus

Going on before.

Christ the Royal Master

Leads against the foe ;

Forward into battle,

See, His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war,

With the Cross of Jesus

Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee ;
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory.
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,

Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song ;
 Glory, laud, and honour,
 Unto Christ the King ;
 This through countless ages
 Men and Angels sing.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before. Amen.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

237 MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray :
 Take all my guilt away ;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide ;

Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransom'd soul. Amen.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

238 THINE forever:—God of love,
 Hear us from Thy throne above;
 Thine forever may we be,
 Here and in eternity.

Thine forever:—Lord of life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife:
 Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine forever:—O how bless'd
 They who find in Thee their rest!
 Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
 O defend us to the end.

Thine forever :—Saviour, keep
 These thy frail and trembling sheep ;
 Safe alone beneath Thy care,
 Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine forever :—Thou our guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Amen.

“Put on the whole armour of God.”

242 ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
 With shield of faith and Spirit's sword ;
 Forth to the battle may they go,
 And boldly fight against the foe,
 With banner of the cross unfurl'd,
 And by it overcome the world ;
 And so at last receive from Thee
 The palm and crown of victory.

Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
 And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home ;
 May each a living temple be,
 Hallow'd forever, Lord, to Thee ;
 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
 With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;
 With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
 Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

Amen.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

252 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

"Make Thy way straight before my face."

254 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be :
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God ;
 So shall I walk aright.
 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom and, my all. Amen.

"Thy will be done."

256 MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 "Thy will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine—
 "Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
 "Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done." Amen.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet."

257 WHATE'ER my God ordains is right;
 His will is ever just;
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,
 I will be still and trust.

He is my God;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
 He never will deceive;
 He leads me by the proper path,
 And so to Him I cleave,
 And take content
 What He hath sent;
 His hand can turn my griefs away,
 And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
 Though I the cup must drink
 That bitter seems to my faint heart,
 I will not fear nor shrink;
 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day;
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
 My Light, my Life is He,
 Who cannot will me ought but good;
 I trust him utterly;
 For well I know,
 In joy or woe,
 We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
 How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Here will I take my stand,
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land.
 My Father's care
 Is round me there,
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;
 And so to Him I leave it all. Amen.

*" We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain
 we can carry nothing out."*

262 SAFE Home, safe Home in port !

Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provision short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But O the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
 The warrior nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm :
 No more of leaguer'd camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
 How nearly had that foe prevail'd !

The lamb is in the fold
 In perfect safety penn'd ;
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end ;
 But One came by with wounded side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

Amen.

“ The Lord said unto him, I have hallowed this house to put My Name there forever, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually.”

279 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build ;
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled :
 On His great love
 Our hopes we place
 Of present grace
 And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring,
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing ;
 And thus proclaim
 In joyful song
 Both loud and long
 That glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
 For evermore draw nigh ;

Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh :
 In copious shower
 On all who pray
 Each holy day
 Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore ;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day
 When all the blest
 To endless rest
 Are called away. Amen.

*“ Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect,
 precious.”*

282 CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
 Christ the head and corner-stone,
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one,
 Holy Sion's help forever,
 And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody ;
 God the One in Three adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
 Hear Thy servants as they pray ;
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee to gain,
 What they gain from Thee for ever
 With the blessèd to retain,
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

Praise and honour to the Father,
 Praise and honour to the Son,
 Praise and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever Three, and ever One,
 One in might, and One in glory,
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

"Come over and help us."

283 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high;
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

284 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His Head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

*“ As every man hath received the gift, even so minister
the same one to another.”*

299 WE give Thee but Thine own
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,

And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give. Amen.

*“ O clap your hands together, all ye people : O sing unto
God with the voice of melody.”*

303 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

*“Who giveth food to all flesh; for His mercy endureth
for ever.”*

305 PRAISE, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For, etc.

And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For, etc.

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For, etc.

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For, etc.

Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For, etc.

And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For, etc.

Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!

Glory to the Father, Son,
 And blest Spirit, Three in One.
 Amen.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

317 THERE is a blessèd home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crown'd,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
 Good Angels know it well ;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell ;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb Who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands and feet and side ;
 To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above. Amen.

“ Under His wings shalt thou trust.”

333 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

" Abide with us ; for the day is far spent."

335 ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic-
tory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes :
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies ;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Amen.

" Thy sun shall no more go down."

336 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.

"The Lord is my light,"

338 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go :
 Thy word into our minds instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through, etc.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through, etc.

Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd ;
 And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
 Ah ! never let our works be soil'd
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through, etc.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through, etc.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ; night is come ;
 Through night and darkness near us be ;
 Good angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer thee.
 Through, etc. Amen.

“ Darkness and light to Thee are both alike.”

339 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
 Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

If Thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast as my minutes roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

A sov'reign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet forever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

His smiles and His comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend. Amen.

"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."

340 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee :

Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee :

Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from Thine eternal Throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. Amen.

"Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

341 THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night !

The joys of day are over :
I lift my heart to Thee ;

And call on Thee that sinless
 The hours of gloom may be.
 O Jesu, make their darkness light,
 And guard me through the coming night!

The toils of day are over ;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be :
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I,
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphant shall cry,
 "Against him I have now prevailed :
 Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 O loving Jesu, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!
Amen.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

344 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night :

May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night,

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,

May we in Thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie :

When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us
 With Thee on high. Amen.

“Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.”

345 THE sun is sinking fast,
 The daylight dies ;
 Let love awake, and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
 His head inclined,
 And to His Father's Hands
 His parting soul resign'd ;

So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give
 Into His sacred charge,
 In Whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath His eye
 Would calmly rest,

Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

*"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto
my path."*

362 O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallow'd page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,

And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurl'd;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnish'd gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face. Amen.

"My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation."

369 SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power.
 Be unto the Lamb forever!
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
 Alleluia! praise the Lord.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
 Glory, honour, etc.

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
 Glory, honour, etc. Amen.

*"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise
 Thy Name for ever and ever."*

370 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays:
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 Thou to save my soul from danger,
 Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

By Thy Hand restored, defended,
 Safe through life thus far I've come ;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

*" Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay
 down his life for his friends."*

372 To our Redeemer's glorious Name
 Awake the sacred song ;
 O may His Love, immortal flame !
 Tune every heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach,
 What mortal tongue display !
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.

He left His radiant Throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die :
 Was ever love like this ?

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to Thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour died for me."

O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue ;
 Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
 And join the sacred song. Amen.

*"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest."*

378 ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress :

Jesus who gave Himself for you,
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred Heart :
O to that Heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly He invites ;
Ye hear His Words so blest :
"All ye that labour come to Me,
And I will give you rest."

O Jesu, joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

381 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore :
Jesus ready stands to save you,
And His Heart with love runs o'er ;

He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.

Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him !
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finish'd !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' Incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of His Blood ;
Venture on Him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;

While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name ;
Alleluia !

Sinners here may sing the same.

Amen.

" To whom shall we go but unto Thee."

391 JUST as I am,—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—of that free love
 The breadth, length, depth, and height to
 prove,
 Here for a season, then above—
 O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

“ That rock was Christ.”

392 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone ;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

393 JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on 'Thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from 'Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with 'Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of 'Thee :
 Spring 'Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee."

394 JESUS, my Saviour ! look on me,
 For I am weary and opprest ;

I come to cast myself on Thee :
 Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
 I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek :
 Thou art my Strength.

I am bewilder'd on my way,
 Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
 O send Thou forth some cheering ray :
 Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
 I look to Thee : my terrors cease ;
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts :
 Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink :
 Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
 E'en to the end whate'er befall ;
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art my All. Amen.

" O praise the Lord of heaven."

411 YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame,

His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To Him your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise His holy Name,
 By Whose almighty Word
 They all from nothing came;
 And all shall last
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast. Amen.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

419 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name:

Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow :
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim Him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy. Amen.

*" The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of
God shouted for joy."*

422 SONGS of praise the angels sang ;
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When JEHOVAH'S work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

Amen.

"He is Lord of lords and King of kings."

424 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
 Whom David, Lord did call;
 The God incarnate! Man divine!
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."

425 THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
 Alleluia!
 To the glory of their King
 Shall the ransom'd people sing, Alleluia!
 And the choirs that dwell on high
 Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia!

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell
 The blessèd ones with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia!
 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
 The shining constellation, join and say,
Alleluia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
 Ye winds on pinions light,
 Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
 Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
 In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
 Ye storms and winter snow,
 Ye days of cloudless beauty,
 Hoar frost and summer glow:
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glorious forests, sing Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,
Alleluia!
 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
 strain,
 Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,
Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
Alleluia!
 There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Alleluia!
 Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply,
 Alleluia!

To God, who all creation made,
 The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia!
 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
 Almighty loves: Alleluia!
 This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
 the King, approves: Alleluia!
 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awak-
 ing, Alleluia!
 And children's voices echo, answer making,
 Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpour'd
 Alleluia to the Lord;
 With Alleluia evermore
 The Son and Spirit we adore.
 Praise be done to the Three in One,
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

"Holy, Holy, Holy."

428 COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayer attend ;
 Come, and Thy people bless ;
 Come, give Thy word success ;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend !

Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour :
 Thou, Who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore. Amen.

"And again they said, Alleluia."

430 ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
 Voice of joy that cannot die ;
 Alleluia is the anthem
 Ever dear to choirs on high ;
 In the house of God abiding,
 Thus they sing eternally.

Alleluia thou resoundest,
 True Jerusalem and free ;
 Alleluia joyful Mother,
 All thy children sing with thee ;
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.

Alleluia cannot always
 Be our song while here below ;
 Alleluia our transgressions
 Make us for a while forego :
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
 Grant us, Blessèd Trinity,
 At the last to keep Thine Easter
 In our Home beyond the sky ;
 There to Thee forever singing
 Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

" One cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy."

431 ROUND the Lord in glory seated
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 Fill'd His temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn.
 " Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
 With His Seraph train before Him,
 With His Holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

"Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt Thy angels' cry,
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts most High.
Amen.

"And all her streets shall say, Alleluia."

432 SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
 O citizens of heaven ; and sweetly raise
 An endless Alleluia.

Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
 In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
 An endless Alleluia.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
 And with glad songs resounding wake again
 An endless Alleluia.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
 To render to the Lord with thankful voice
 An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in
 bliss,
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
 An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
 The strains which tell the honour of your
 King,
 An endless Alleluia.

This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
 This is the food and drink which none shall
 lack,
 An endless Alleluia.

While Thee, by Whom were all things made,
 we praise
 For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
 An endless Alleluia.

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
 Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
 An endless Alleluia. Amen.

"Put on the whole armour of God."

434 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer:

Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do—
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

Give me a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill:
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss;
 Ready to take up and sustain
 The consecrated cross.

Give me a godly fear,
 A quick, discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

Give me a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To Thee and Thy great Name;
 Give me a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at Thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.

I rest upon Thy word,
 The promise is for me ;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee ;
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

" I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

443 IN the hour of trial,
 Jesus, plead for me ;
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee ;
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
 Would this vain world charm ;
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm ;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil, and woe ;
 Or should pain attend me
 On my path below ;

Grant that I may never
 Fail Thy hand to see ;
 Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again ;
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesus, take me, dying,
 To eternal life. Amen.

“ That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.”

455 JESU, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills the breast.
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
 The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
 How good to Those who seek !

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be ;

In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

"The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

456 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us, Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be :
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place :
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Amen.

"I will love Thee, O Lord my strength."

461 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and Thee alone :
 Thee will I love, till sacred fire
 Fill my whole soul with pure desire.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined :
 I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay ?
 Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.

*“ They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and
 the song of the Lamb.”*

463 AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
 Sing of His dying love ;
 Sing of His rising power ;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.
 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the eternal King.
 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 “ Ye blessèd children, come ! ”
 Soon will He call you hence away,
 And take His wanderers home. Amen.

“ The Lord is my Shepherd.”

464 THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never ;

I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth !

And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever ! Amen.

*" Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be
with Me where I am."*

466 LORD, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be :

Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All 'Thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

Humble as a little child
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord JEHOVAH trust ;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just. Amen.

“ He shall give His angels charge over thee.”

469 GOD shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread ;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,

With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave. Amen.

" Be of good cheer : it is I : be not afraid."

472 BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest ;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour ;
The rest that remaineth
Will be forever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never ;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth forever.

Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth ;

Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever ;
 And, when thy work is done,
 Praise Him forever. Amen.

" I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."

476 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high,
 'Tis His own Hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown. Amen.

" Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

477 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go :

Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

"All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth."

481 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!

Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You who long for His appearing,
 Then shall say, This God is mine :
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for Thine !

At His call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By His looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner !
 What will then become of thee ?

But to those who have confessèd,
 Loved, and served the Lord below,
 He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,
 Take the kingdom I bestow :
 You forever
 Shall My love and glory know. Amen.

*“ The Lord grant him that he may find mercy of the
 Lord in that day.”*

483 DAY of wrath ! O, day of mourning !
 See fulfill'd the prophets' warning,
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
 When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
 On Whose sentence all dependeth !
 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth ;
 Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth ;
 All before the Throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
 All creation is awaking,
 To its Judge an answer making.

Lo! the Book exactly worded,
 Wherein all hath been recorded:
 Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
 Who for me be interceding,
 When the just are mercy needing?

King of Majesty tremendous,
 Who dost free salvation send us,
 Fount of pity! then befriend us!

Think, good Jesu, my salvation
 Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
 Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
 On the Cross of suffering bought me.
 Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
 Grant Thy gift of absolution,
 Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
 All my shame with anguish owning;
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst ;
 Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
 And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying!

With thy favoured sheep O place me !
 Nor among the goats abase me ;
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
 Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel with heart-submission,
 See, like ashes, my contrition ;
 Help me in my last condition.

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
 From the dust of earth returning,
 Man for judgment must prepare him ;
 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !
 Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,
 Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

“ The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”

485 HARK ! hark, my soul ; Angelic songs
 are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-
 beat shore :

How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are
telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus,

Angels of light,

Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come ;”

And, through the dark its echoes sweetly
ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o’er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Thee.

Angels, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and
dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past ;

Faith’s journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart’s true home, will
come at last.

Angels, etc.

Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels, etc. Amen.

*" Work your work betimes, and in His time He will give
you your reward."*

490 THE world is very evil,

The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,

The Judge is at the gate ;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,

Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow

To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

O Home of fadeless splendour,

Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn ;

'Midst power that knows no limit,
 Where wisdom has no bound,
 The beatific vision
 Shall glad the saints around.

O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
 True cure of the distress;
 Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessèd country,
 The Home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

'Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.'

491 BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.
 O happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest;

For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting —

And passionless renown.
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known :
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

[4th verse same as 5th verse Hymn 490.]

“ He that overcometh shall inherit all things.”

492 FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion ;
 O Paradise of Joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 The Lamb is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays ;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.
 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

[5th verse same as 5th verse Hymn 490.]

"And He shewed that great city the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God."

493 JERUSALEM, the golden !
 With milk and honey blest ;

Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh ! I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessèd
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

[4th verse same as 5th verse Hymn 490.]

"What are these, which are arrayed in white robes."

494 Who are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?—

“ Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with His almighty Name :
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And for ever from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away the tears. Amen.

“ That great city, the holy Jerusalem.”

496 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end
 In joy, and peace, and Thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand :
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

“ Jesus said unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life.”

501 THOU art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,

And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

*"These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims
on the earth."*

505 GUIDE me, O Thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with 'Thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

"The ark of the covenant went before them."

506 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee:
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy:
 Thus provided,
 Pardon'd, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

"A people near unto Him."

507 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone :
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

*" Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which
is far better."*

509 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest ?

Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest ?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old ;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold ?
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 'Tis weary waiting here ;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near ;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore ;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me ;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,

And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above ;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight. Amen.

*" In the day-time also He led them with a cloud, and all
 the night through with the light of fire."*

512 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
 gloom,

 Lead Thou me on ;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
 I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
Amen.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

514 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distress'd?
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
 Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?

“Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer, Yes.” Amen.

“I will lay me down in peace and take my rest.”

516 THROUGH the day Thy love has spared
us,

Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine Arms may we repose,
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Amen.

521 COME, let us adore Him; come, bow at
His feet;

O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful Hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies. Amen.

END OF SELECTION.



